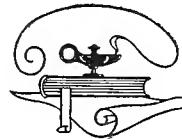
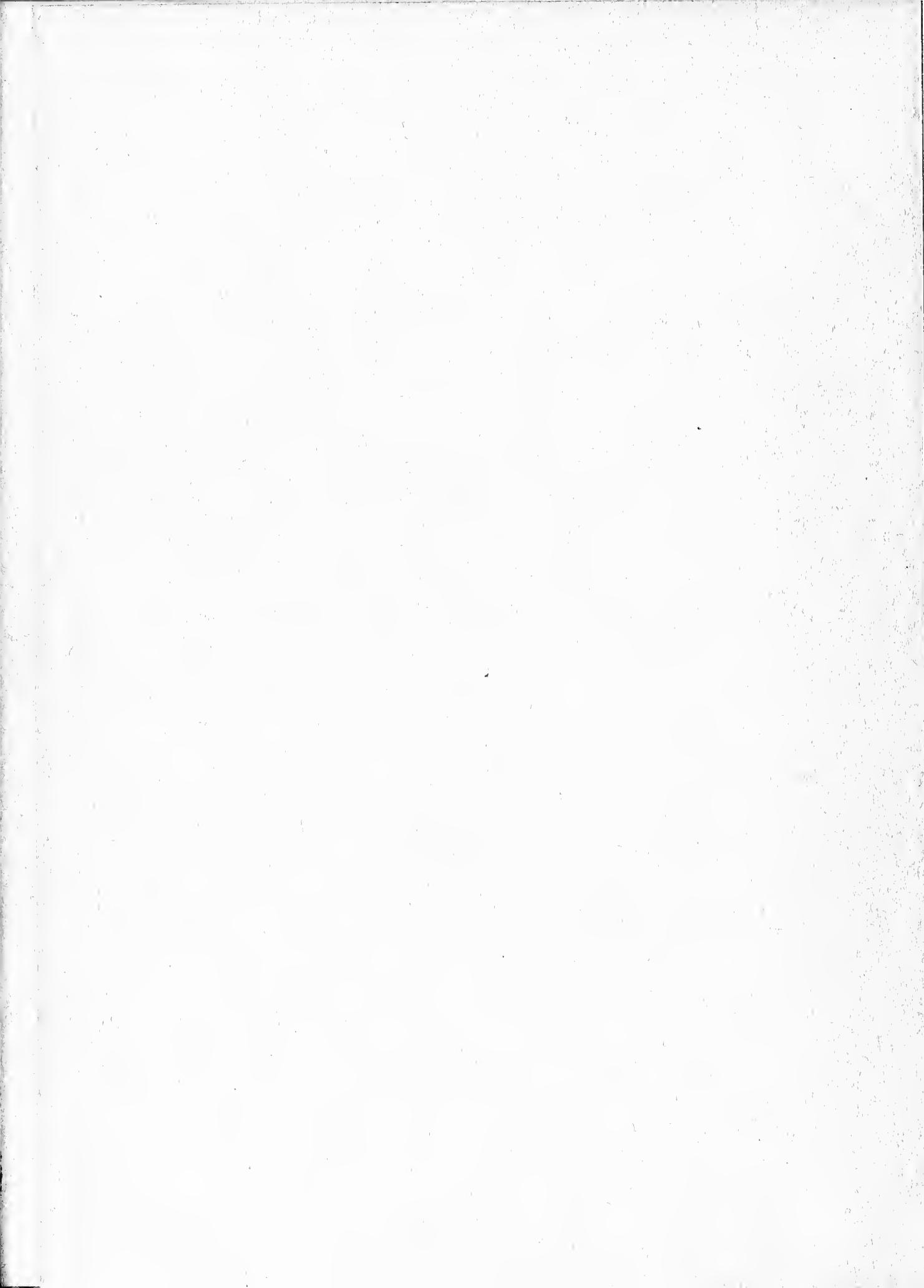


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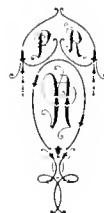
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THE UNIVERSITY

The
1 9 3 2
P. R. N.



Published by
THE SENIOR CLASS
of the
UNIVERSITY of MARYLAND
SCHOOL of NURSING

Foreword

Pro re nata! When necessary!

Many years ago, a woman felt that it was necessary for her to leave her home to care for those who were ill. Since then, the ideals, so nobly exemplified in the life of Florence Nightingale, have inspired many women to follow in her footsteps. As we go forth to practice our profession, we trust that we shall be able to live up to the spirit of her, whose cap we wear, and that, always, we shall be ready whenever it is necessary.

P. R. A. ~~mmmmmm~~

P. R. N. Staff

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| ESTELLA BALDWIN, R.N.) | |

P. R. N.

Dedication

TO

ESTELLA BALDWIN, R.N.

*In gratitude for her leadership of the class
of 1932, we wish to dedicate this book.*

*Her sincere friendship and interest have
been an inspiration during the past three
years. To give to our profession the best
that is in us, has been her wish. And, now,
as we face the future, with joy and sadness
mingled in our hearts, we cannot thank our
leader enough.*

P. R. N.



 7

P. R. A.



ALBERT C. RITCHIE, A.B., LL.B., LL.D.

Governor of the Free State of Maryland

8

W W W W W P. R. A. W W W W



RAYMOND ALLEN PEARSON, M.S., LL.D.

President of the University

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W W W W W W P. R. A. W W W W



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Superintendent, University Hospital

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P. R. N.



ANNIE CRIGHTON, R.N.

Superintendent of Nurses, University Hospital

P. R. N.



P. R. H.

School of Nursing

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| FREDA FAZENBAKER, R.N. | <i>Head Nurse, Women's Medical and Surgical Ward</i> |
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| MARGARET CURRENS, R.N. | <i>Head Nurse, Private Halls</i> |
| MARIE OLGA COX, R.N. | <i>Head Nurse, Private Halls</i> |
| CORA MASON WILSON, R.N. | <i>Head Nurse, Surgical Supply Room</i> |

Mrs. C. R. P. R. N. M



MRS. CHARLES R. POSEY

*President, Women's Auxiliary Board of the
University Hospital*



SENIORS

Senior History

Another sail has appeared on the horizon of time and has marked another year—a year of joys and regrets, of minor disappointments, and yet a year of fulfillment of our greatest dream.

Passage now is smoothed by experience and the squalls of indecision in life's waters are forgotten as we sail before the wind—our goal in sight. Our journey's end is near and so we view in retrospect the hazards of that journey.

The journey was started with a crew of forty-four. How strange and foreboding our new home looked! But, after we became adapted to this new life, time seemed to fly by. For a while the sea was very rough. This was caused by classes, examinations, and routines.

Six months passed. Then came the day we were accepted. The clouds and sun seemed to be in controversy as to who should rule that day. But the sun was finally the victor and happiness lived in the air. How we waited for the telephone to ring and to be notified that we were wanted in the Training School Office! How terrified we were lest our aprons should be wrinkled, our hair nets not covering every strand of hair, or our shoes dusty. After those few short minutes of conference, we could hardly wait until we were out to run and tell everyone we were accepted. Phone calls home, special deliveries, telegrams!

The summer months passed swiftly, marked by the seniors' graduation ceremonies, the June dance, and vacations.

October came and another new class was initiated. How proud we were that we had been here one year and were now starting the second lap of our journey.

Bravely we faced the wind, sometimes doubtful as to which course to take, but doing our best and praying it was right. Several times we stopped to let someone off our crew, but the stops were very few and great speed was made. At last we passed the end of the second year and the last year was started.

This was the outstanding part of the trip. Seniors at last! How long we had waited and worked to be called that! Our goal practically in sight and with confidence in ourselves, we knew the end was not far off. We had met and conquered the most difficult situations of the journey—the Operating Room, Senior Duty, Maternity, and Sheppard and Enoch Pratt.

Never will we forget the time of our senior demonstration—scared lest we should faint from nervousness. It all seems a nightmare now.

Then came graduation and the thrills and excitement that accompanied it. The moment supreme when each was handed a diploma. Our dream realized! Our goal reached!

And so, as we leave the portals of the University of Maryland, we go forth to put to use or to further the knowledge obtained there. Each a captain of her own ship and so may it be "Rowing not drifting."

JOSEPHINE SCHUH.

P. R. N.



Senior Class Officers

| | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
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| MAURICE HARDIN | <i>President</i> |
| VIRGINIA LEE | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| ELLA IRENE MILLER | <i>Secretary</i> |
| RUTH MADELINE SCHAFER | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| CARRIE ESTELLA MILLER | <i>Business Manager</i> |
| JOSEPHINE ALICE SCHUH | <i>Historian</i> |

CLASS MOTTO: "Rowing, not drifting."

CLASS COLORS: *Blue and Gold.*

FLOWER: *Sweet Pea*

P. R. N.



NELLIE VIRGINIA BUTLER
Great Cacapon, West Virginia

Paw Paw High School
"How's the atmosphere up there?"

BLANCHE VIRGINIA CAMERON
Milville, West Virginia

Harper's Ferry High School
P. R. N. STAFF, 3.

"The mystery in her smile keeps you
guessing all the while."

GLADYS LEONA DURST
Grantsville, Maryland

Grantsville High School

"Her very frowns are fairer far than
smiles of other maidens are."

P. R. N.

MARY E. EMERY

Netts, Ohio

Bellaire High School

Editor-in-Chief P. R. N., 3.

"If it's technique, ask Mary. She will know when no one else does."

IRENE DOUGLAS GLADDEN

Princess Anne, Maryland

Princess Anne High School

P. R. N. STAFF, 3.

"She could sell fur coats to the Africans and electric fans to the Eskimos."

EVA OPAL HOLLOWAY

Hamilton, Maryland

Eastern High School

"Here's for bigger and better dental advertisements with Eva as a model."



P. R. N.



MAURICE HARDIN
Chester, South Carolina
Chester High School
Class President, 1, 2, 3; P. R. N.
STAFF, 3.

"The reason firm, the tempered will, endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."

MARGARET LOUISE
HUDDLESTON
Raleigh, North Carolina
*Dobson High School, St. Mary's College,
North Carolina State College*
"Perpetual motion! A miniature laughing, talking, and singing machine."

VIRGINIA LEE
Quincy, Florida
*Crescent High School, Randolph-Macon
Woman's College*
Class Secretary, 1; Class Vice-President, 2, 3; Associate Editor, P. R. N., 3.
"Jennie" believes in taking her own time about things, but she gets there just the same."

M M M M M M P. R. N. M M M M M

MILDRED ELIZABETH MICHAEL

Frostburg, Maryland

Grantsville High School

P. R. N. STAFF, 3.

"Still water runs deep." "We'd like to know how deep and in what direction."



CARRIE ESTELLA MILLER

Red Lion, Pennsylvania

Red Lion High School

Business Manager, 1, 2, 3; P. R. N.
STAFF, 3.

"Oh! That priceless giggle."

ELLA IRENE MILLER

Red Lion, Pennsylvania

Red Lion High School

Class Secretary, 2, 3.

"Skin's" spirit is as bright as her eyes
and her effervescence is unquenchable."

P. R. N.



RUBY HAROLD MORRIS

Stuart's Draft, Virginia

Dublin High School

"Her blue eyes and romances have
brought "Fuzzy" fame."

VIRGINIA LOUISE MURDOCH

Mt. Airy, Maryland

Mt. Airy High School

P. R. N. STAFF, 3.

"One might think she almost studied to
be quiet."

JANET BERYL REIFSNIDER

Keymar, Maryland

Taneytown High School

"To sleep or not to sleep? That is the
question."

P. R. N.

MARGARET RICHARDS

Baltimore, Maryland

Western High School

P. R. N. STAFF, 3.

"Never do today what you can do
tomorrow."



LOUELLA MILDRED RODES

Baltimore, Maryland

York Collegiate Institute

"Ask "Lou" how to look nonchalant. It's
one of her accomplishments."

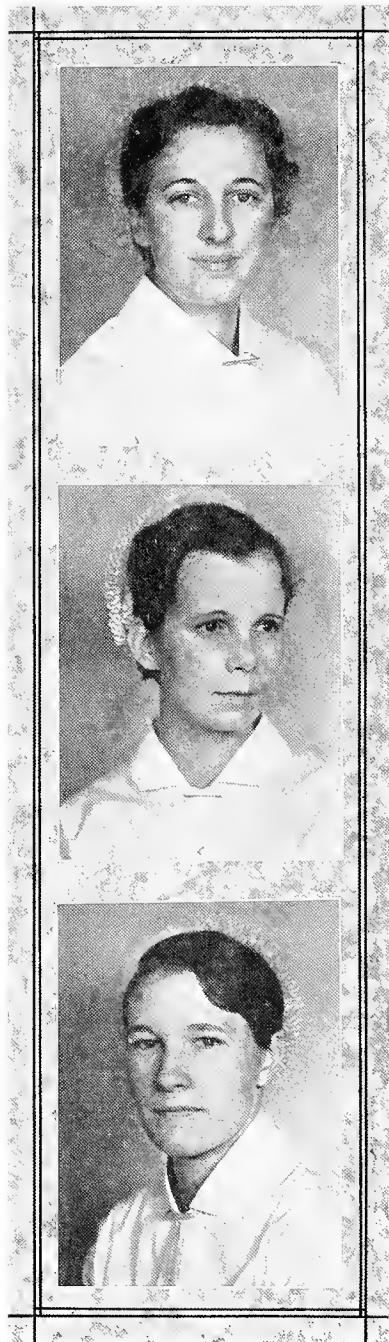
GLADYS LOUISE RUDISILL

Iron Station, North Carolina

Rock Springs High School

"Quiet, unassuming, but always ready to
help others."

P. R. N.



RUTH MADELINE SCHAFER

Hagerstown, Maryland

Hagerstown High School

Class Treasurer, 1, 2, 3.

"Why should life all labor be?"

JOSEPHINE ALICE SCHUH

Keyser, West Virginia

Keyser High School

Class Vice-President, 1; Class Historian,
2, 3; P. R. N. STAFF, 3.

"If you need a pal, call on 'Jo'. She is
ready to lend a helping hand to all."

ARMINTA EVELINE TAYLOR

Red Lion, Pennsylvania

Red Lion High School

"If you want advice about children, ask
Arminta. She certainly shines in the
nursery."

P. R. A.

JULIA WEDDINGTON
THOMPSON

Davidson, North Carolina

Davidson High School

"We wonder why Julia gets such a thrill
when she hears "Carolina Moon."

CLARA EVELYN WILBURN

Grantsville, Maryland

Grantsville High School

"A good pal and a willing helper. Who?
Why, Clara, of course."

MARY ELIZABETH WORTHY

Chester, South Carolina

Chester High School

"She must have been vaccinated with a
phonograph needle. Talk just drops
from her."



A Probie's Reflections

(At 12 Mid.)

*I'm feeling awful lonesome,
And just a little blue,
The dark clouds above me
Just won't let the moon shine through.*

*I guess I ain't a-being'
Very much of a scout,
But how can I hope to see
What it's all about?*

*When one nurse tells me this way,
Another tells me that,
And no way at all will work,
When I don't know what I'm at!*

*Folks here have a great way
Of running to and fro,
And I'm wondering how to get wound up
So I can run just so!*

*After being taught how dangerous
Those micrococci are,
Then, looking thru the microscope
To see just what they are.*

*I'm sent on the wards
And told to "please take care."
And even if I do remember
Everything I hear,*

*When mothers say "a breakin' out,"
Or "just some kind of rash,"
And the doctor swears it's chicken-pox,
It looks to me like hash!*

*When I'm told to scrub and clean,
And then sent to do this or that,
The expression on the head-nurse's face
Shows that all must be done "stat."*

*When the ward is in confusion,
And everything is sunny side down,
No wonder I am doubtful
If I shall get my crown.*

*Yes! I'm feelin' awful worried
And I'm feelin' kinda blue
The darkness all around me
Just won't let the truth shine thru.*

PROBIE OF CLASS OF '32.

Decorative border around the title
P. R. N.

Senior Prophecy

Baltimore, Maryland, June 1, 1942.

Dear Virginia,

Our class is holding a reunion in Baltimore, at the Nurses' Home, the 23rd of this month. Just think! Ten long years since we have seen each other. Please be here.
Sincerely,

Your old classmate,

MARY EMERY.

I received this letter in the morning mail, and immediately replied that I would be there, even though it meant a hurried trip from Chicago, where I had been workin' in one of the hospitals, as head nurse in the accident room.

Fond embraces, laughter, every one talking at once! This was the scene which greeted me as I entered the living room of the Nurses' Home. I was certainly surprised to see so many of my old classmates there.

Mary Emery, who had remained at our hospital, as one of the supervisors, rushed up to me. "I am so glad you came. Jennie Lee was just asking about you. Let's go over and see her. She, Eva Holloway, and Louise Huddleston are over there in the corner, having a conflag. You know, she has just returned from France where she has been nursing for two years. And Eva! You know how Eva always went to sleep! She is chief anaesthetist in a hospital in Virginia. If she couldn't sleep herself, she would put others in the land of dreams. Louise married the man with "piles" of money and she meets Jennie in Paris when she goes over to do her spring shopping."

Someone grabbed me by the arm and whom should I see but Nellie Butler, Jo Schuh, and Fuzzy Morris, the old gang! They had opened a tea-room in New York and had been very successful.

After I had greeted all my friends, I found that many strange things had happened to the Class of 1932.

Elizabeth Worthy had married a man who thought "Lib" was a model of all the virtues of womankind.

Irene Gladden was in charge of the violent ward in a psychiatric hospital. She said she had not received a black-eye in the past nine years.

Gladys Rudisill had recently opened a school of aesthetic dancing in Washington, D. C.

Gladys Durst and Clara Wilburn had forsaken the profession for a more domestic life, and appeared to be very happy.

Mildred Michael was "specialing" in the same town, and couldn't attend the reunion, because she was called on a case.

Ruth Schaffer had retired, having become wealthy with her publication, "The Best Way to Spend Five Dollars."

Pat Cameron, at the time of the reunion, was paying a visit to Ireland.

Lou Rodes and Janet Reifsnider were models for a French Shoppe in New York.

P. R. N.

Maurice Hardin was chief dietitian at one of the large hospitals in the city.

Julia Thompson was famous as a radio singer. Her theme song was "Carolina Moon."

Margaret Richards had pursued a course in obstetrics, and was head of a clinic in Philadelphia.

"Skin" Miller and Arminta Taylor had founded a hospital in Red Lion.

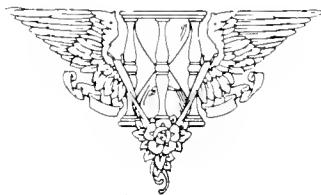
"Eps" Miller had just completed her book "Thirty-two Different Methods of Operation Technique."

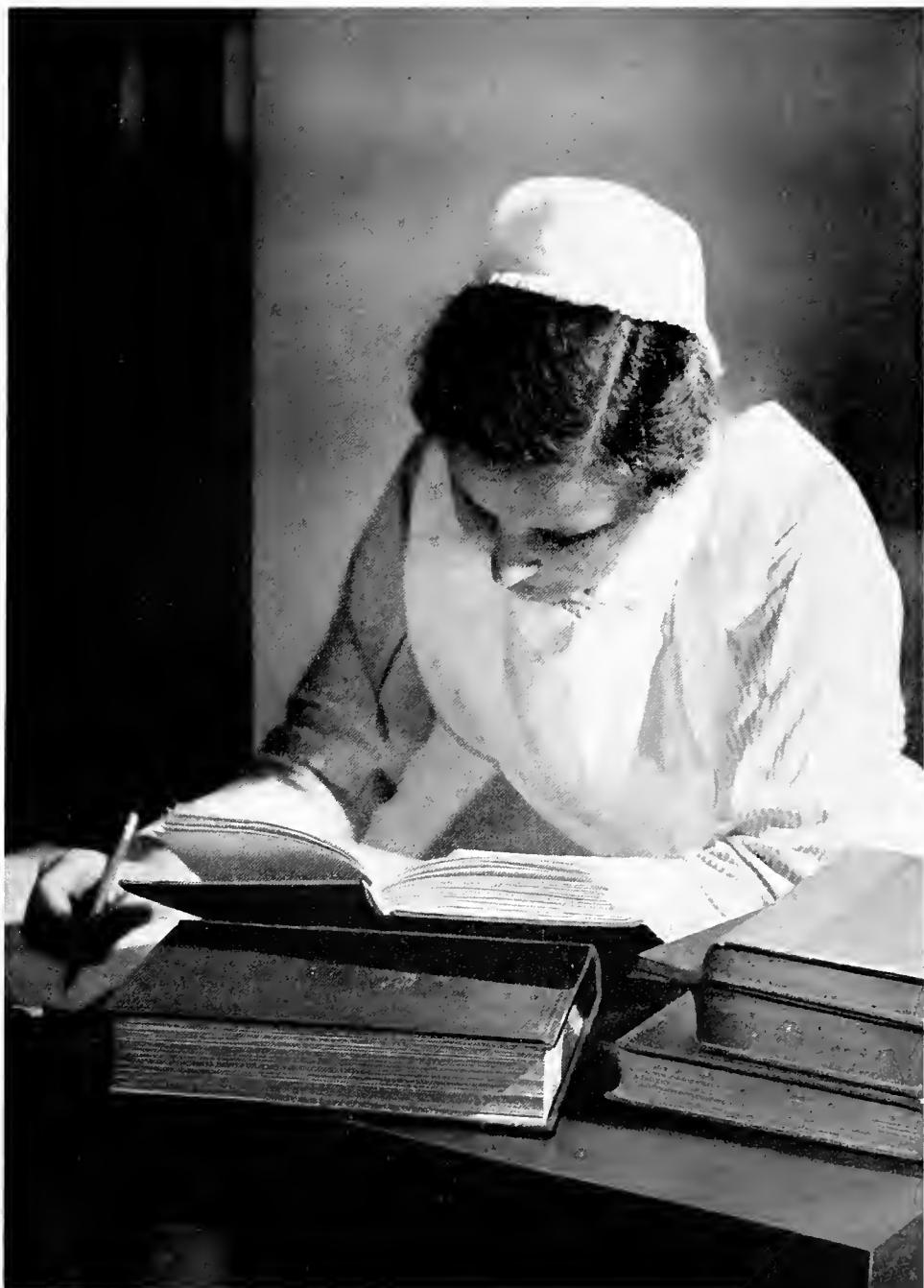
I hated to leave in time to catch the midnight train. It seemed as if I had been there but a few minutes, but duty called me back.

I remembered a little verse I had memorized years ago, and I felt it was true of the Class of '32.

*"What we call luck is simply pluck,
And doing things over and over,
Courage and will, perseverance and skill,
Are the four leaves of luck's clover."*

VIRGINIA MURDOCH.





UNDERGRADUATES

P. R. N.



Intermediate Class

CLASS MOTTO: "Not on heights, but climbing."

CLASS COLORS: *Orchid and Yellow.*

CLASS FLOWER: *Sweet Pea.*

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| SALLY MARIA MELSON | <i>Secretary and Treasurer</i> |
| THELMA ELIZABETH DAVIS | <i>Historian</i> |
| MARY VIRGINIA McCUNE | <i>Representative to P. R. N.</i> |

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 DOROTHY EMIL BLUM
 DOROTHY MAE BOWMAN
 ARRA MARIE BURNETTE
 THELMA JACQUELINE CALDWELL
 MARIE HELEN CLARK
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 DORIS CHRISTINA JONES
 HILDA MAIE KNOWLES
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 ALLIE SUE McKEEL

KATHRYN PARR MaHINGLY
 EDNA ESTELLE MARTIN MELSON
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 DOROTHY CAROLINE WRIGHT
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P. R. H.



INTERMEDIATE CLASS

Intermediate Class History

*"Bright is the light that guides us on our way,
Wide is the world and God's blue sky is over us
Daughters of Alma Mater
On whom the light is shed"*

On October 1, 1930, University of Maryland opened its wide doors to fifty probies, one of the largest probation classes in the history of the Nursing School.

With enthusiasm, we accepted the duties assigned. Our instructors of the supply and class rooms helped us gain ample knowledge to assume responsibilities.

Events followed in rapid succession. The flame of our torch often grew dim, but we looked ahead for a brighter light, remembering our pledge.

Months passed and the day of acceptance finally came. Shortly afterwards our Superintendent, leaving noble ideals with us, placing on our heads a cap which signified our proby days were over, made us feel our days of glory had just begun.

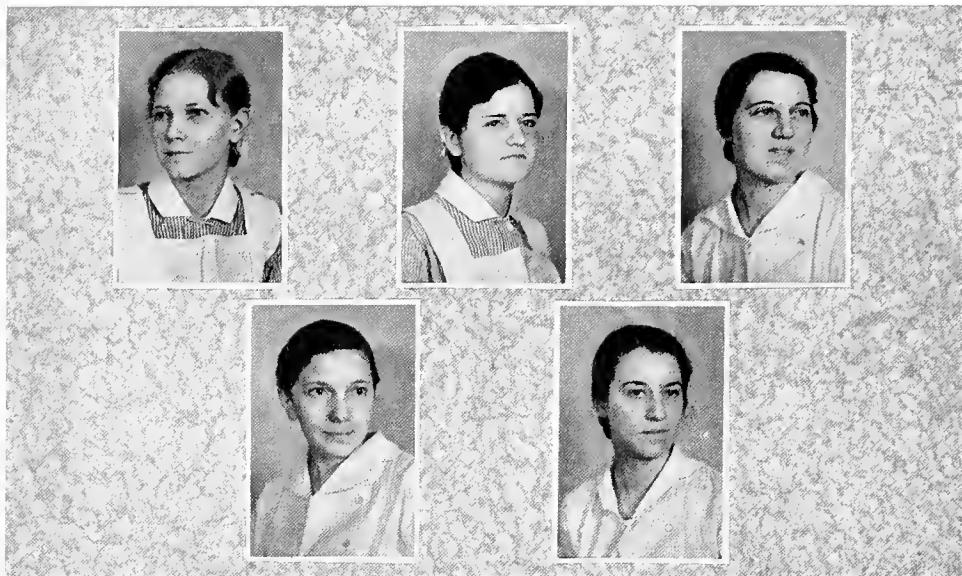
Vacation time came. What rapture we found in it! And now that we have begun the second year and bustle with new spirits, we endeavor to climb.

To succeed in climbing those heights, we lift the torch and march on.

*"Ever abreast, to swell the column royal,
Daughters of Alma Mater
The world is in your hands."*

THELMA DAVIS.

P. R. N.



Junior Class

CLASS MOTTO: "No victory without labor."

CLASS COLORS: *Rose and Silver.*

CLASS FLOWER: *Rose.*

OFFICERS

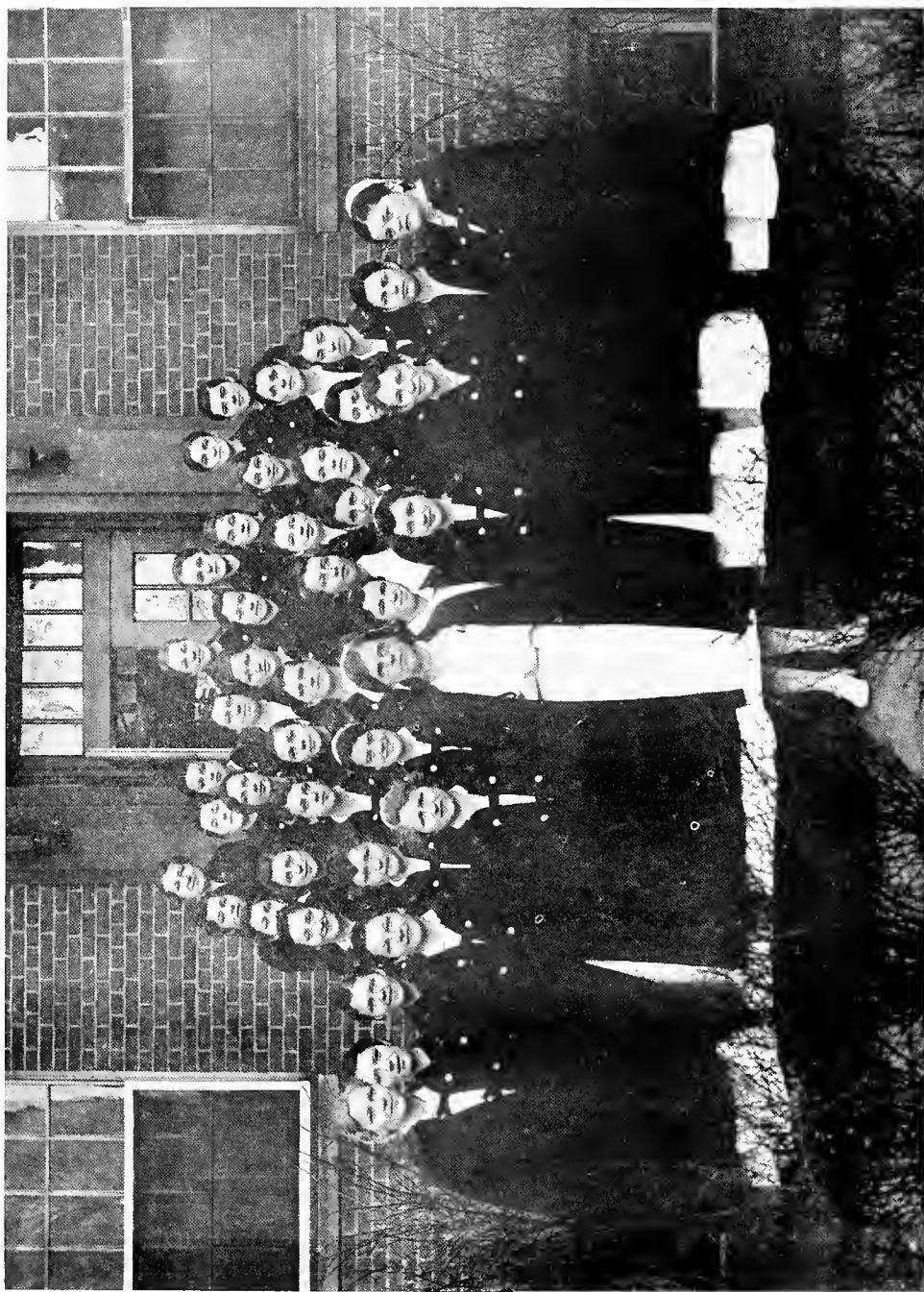
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| WILLIE HOLLACE WARNER | <i>President</i> |
| LOIS M. STEINWEDEL | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| LOUISE A. GUSTAFSON | <i>Secretary and Treasurer</i> |
| MYRA ELIZABETH LEWIS | <i>Historian</i> |
| ETHEL E. WELLER | <i>Representative to P. R. N.</i> |

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MARY BENNETT
JEWEL BLADEN
ALMA MAE CARROLL
LENORA CARTWRIGHT
ADA L. CONKLIN
SALLY N. CROSS
C. REGINA DAVIS
PAULINE DEANS
VERA PEARL DOBBINS
ELIZABETH ANNE DOLL
BERNICE MAY DUTTERER
IRENE ESTELLE EVERETT
M. ANNE GOSNELL
GERTRUDE X. GREGORIUS
EVELYN V. GROSSNICKLE
LOUISE A. GUSTAFSON
RUTH M. HARRIS
E. RUTH HAYNIE
MARGARET HELD
MARGUERITE M. HOFFMASTER

BARBARA IRENE HOWES
H. ELIZABETH KOONTZ
MYRA ELIZABETH LEWIS
KATHRYN MARGARET MATZEN
ELIZABETH MAIE NIXON
CATHERINE A. O'NEIL
SARA MARGARET PARVIN
LOUISE M. PAUL
M. ELIZABETH RICE
ELIZABETH L. ROHDE
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ISABELLE SEIPT
GERTRUDE VIOLA TANTTARI
E. VIRGINIA THOMPSON
ESTHER ELEANOR UBER
WILLIE HOLLACE WARNER
ETHEL E. WELLER
HAZEL M. WRIGHT

P. R. A.



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior History

Probies all! How queer we felt as we walked up the steps and into the reception room of the Nurses' Home, trying to appear at ease, masters of the situation; trying to show no emotion, especially if our parents were on hand; and with all feeling very small, very unnecessary and very conspicuously "dumb probies." In a vague and rather disturbing way we realized that this was a very important day in our lives, a turning point which we would not soon forget.

Somewhat we lived through the first few days, while we chalked up in our minds as our ideal nurses those upper-class girls who had given us a smile or a "Hello." There are so many "first times" to recall—the first time we heard the rising bell and thought it must be either the Salvation Army or the toll of doom; the first time we went to a meal in our conspicuously new and rather ill-fitting uniforms; and our first dusting on the wards when we felt just like maids.

Days were long as they are bound to be when the novelty of a new adventure wears off and a true realization of it is reached, but we walked, stumbled, and ran through the days, saw them slip behind us, until we had knowledge and many experiences in store. Beds—especially those operation ones which required so much time to figure out; washing hands and faces—having done our own for years didn't seem to help a bit; those first patients who didn't do things as they should and just ruined our technique(?); that first bed bath when we were allowed an hour and a half and thought we hurried to get through; so many new tasks in a strange new environment; that many a time the heart of a probie wavered and she wondered why she had left a place as an adored daughter in a thoughtful family to take this difficult route to become a professional woman.

Though we had been sure time would never pass, spring, summer, with its short but perfect vacation, fall, and with it the addition of thirty-one new members to our class, and, finally, Christmas came, which caught us as usual unprepared and sent us on hurried shopping trips between duty for "last minutes," caught us in its spell and somehow managed to overshadow the dread of the first Christmas away from home. Even arising an hour earlier that morning brought forth no complaints, and we started on our way through the hospital, our candles gleaming, thrilled with thoughts of the first Christmas, singing in spite of a little lump which persistently rose in our throats.

As we look back over our time in training, we find that the days, sometimes seemingly endless, have gone by quickly, they have been full of experiences which have made them perhaps the most eventful of our lives. We recall our class motto: "No victory without labor," and face the remainder of our training period resolved to give our best for the victory which means so much to us all.

M. E. LEWIS.

P. R. A.

Resident Staff

| | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| George H. Yeager, M.D. | Resident, Surgery |
| Wylie M. Faw, M.D. | Assistant Resident, Surgery |
| Leon J. Harrell, M. D. | Assistant Resident, Surgery |
| Emil J. C. Hildenbrand, M.D. | Assistant Resident, Surgery |
| John H. Hornbaker, M.D. | Resident, Medicine |
| Maurice J. Abrams, M.D. | Assistant Resident, Medicine |
| Daniel G. Caudy, M.D. | Assistant Resident, Medicine |
| George D. Hill, M.D. | Resident, Gynecology |
| W. Paul Dailey, M.D. | Resident, Obstetrics |
| William A. Hart, M.D. | Assistant Resident, Obstetrics |
| A. Talbot Brice, M.D. | Rotating Interne |
| Kenneth L. Cloninger, M.D. | Rotating Interne |
| Melvin B. Davis, M.D. | Rotating Interne |
| Bernard W. Donahue, M.D. | Rotating Interne |
| Joseph F. Drenga, M.D. | Rotating Interne |
| Donald B. Grove, M.D. | Rotating Interne |
| Arthur F. Jones, M.D. | Rotating Interne |
| Alston G. Lanham, M.D. | Rotating Interne |
| Waldo B. Moyers, M.D. | Rotating Interne |
| William M. Seabold, M.D. | Rotating Interne |
| Christopher G. Shaw, M.D. | Rotating Interne |
| Harry S. Shelley, M.D. | Rotating Interne |
| Milford H. Sprecher, M.D. | Rotating Interne |

W W W W W W P. R. N. W W W W W



P. R. H.





FEATURES

Last Will and Testament

We, the class of 1932, of the University of Maryland School of Nursing, of the City of Baltimore, and the State of Maryland, being presumably of sound mind, memory and understanding, on this day of our Lord, June 3, 1932, do hereby make this, our last will and testament, in number and form following, to wit:

1. To our Surgical Staff, the right to carry any tales of the Nursing Staff to the Student Body.
2. To the Nursing Staff, the right to add as many additional class hours as possible to the curriculum of the probationers.
3. To the Staff members individually:

To Miss Crighton, a class as brilliant and efficient as ours has been.
To Miss Branley, the right to scrub the hospital from Ward C to the Dispensary.
To Miss Hoke, a more simple method of teaching the probies Dosage and Solution.
To Miss Wright, we bequeath our nursing technique.
To Miss Hoffman, the privilege of reproaching any student nurse with her, "Ach! Child! Vot you do dat for?"
To Mrs. Wilson, the right to extend her hearty "Good-night, my dears!" to the next fifty years of probationers.
To Miss Aitkenhead, a capable surgical nurse.
To Miss Moffatt, the speediest car going.
To Miss Cannon, a gentleman who can work crossword puzzles.
To Mrs. Brude, a ticket to next season's opera.
To Miss Krause, a "Dailey Man."
To Miss Currens, a policeman's whistle to direct the lower hall traffic.
To Miss Dick, a megaphone.
To Miss Dutterer, a new set of tubes for her radio.
To Miss Fazenbaker, the best book on woman's suffrage.
To Miss Allen and Miss Laigneil, a place in the Hall of Fame, as the first supervisors of the Air Conditioning Chamber.
To Miss Baldwin, the cooperation and good fellowship of the next class honored by her leadership.

4. To our under-classmen:
Eva Holloway's ability to stay awake in all classes to Josephine Wadsworth.
Irene Gladden's telephone calls and dates to Dorothy Blum and Dorothy Bowman.
Nellie Butler's height and superiority to Bertha Scarborough and Hilda Knowles.
Gladys Durst's knowledge of the interne's quarters to Arra Burnette.
Mary Emery's executive ability to Mildred Reese.
Maurice Hardin's popularity with the opposite sex to Thelma Davis.
Louise Huddleston's quietness and expansive waist line to Sally Melson.
"Jennie" Lee's southern drawl to Kathryn Mattingly and Allie McKeel.
"Fuzzy" Morris' innocent good looks and boy friends to Gladys Hix and Leah Royer.
Virginia Murdoch's curly hair and subtle vanity to Marie Clark and Bessie Conner.
Margaret Richard's ability to scrub the "amphy" seats to Virginia Stack.
Lou Rodes' power of rhetoric and decisiveness to Martha Skinner.
Gladys Rudisill's dancing ability and bashfulness to Edna Melson.

P. R. N.

Joe Schuh's pull with the Training School Office to Mary McCune.
Clara Wilburn's ready tongue and quick wit to Vivian Wynn and Ruth Dahlmer.
"Lib" Worthy's serene disposition and nimbleness to Daphne Barclift.
"Pat" Cameron's sarcasm and chirping pertness to Margaret Sherman.
"Epps" Miller's deviltry and eternal giggle to Anna Stein.
"Skin" Miller's shy modesty and popularity with the internes to Lila Hinchman.
Janet Reifsnider's place in the professional world to T. J. Caldwell.
Julia Thompson's voice and speed to Dorothy Christopher.
Arniinta Taylor's campus privileges and maternal virtues to Dorothy Wright.
Ruth Schaffer's blondness and good nature to Marguerite Wengerd.
Mildred Michael's knowledge of honeymoon bridge to Doris Jones.

We Hereby Appoint:

TILLIE

Executor of this, our last will and testament. In witness thereof, we, the class of 1932, the testators have to this, our last will and testament, set our hand and our seal this third day of June, Anno Domini MCMXXII.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the above named class of 1932, as and for their last will and testament in the presence of us who have hereunto subscribed our names in the presence of the said testator and of each other.

ANNIE CRIGHTON, R.N.,
Superintendent of Nurses

FRANCIS M. BRANLEY, R.N.,
Assistant Superintendent of Nurses

ESTELLA BALDWIN, R.N.,
Honorary Member.

Baby Lynn

I

*He's little—but wise,
And powerful clever for one of his size,
First in and then out,
Finding what the world's about.*

II

*You cannot fool him,
No, not he,
For Baby Lynn has come to see,
He's far too young and quite too spry, . . .
To fool him—you need never try.*

III

*His memory—a wonder,
He ne'er forgets a foolish blunder.
Sometimes his cheeks grow pinker yet,
And Baby dear, has begun to fret,
All tressesled up is his auburn hair,
Then, of this child, you'd best beware.*

IV

*Soon over with his childish passion,
He begins to chatter after a fashion,
We quite forget his little folly,
And think him smart—and very jolly,
We really grow quite fond of him,
This bright-eyed, happy-hearted Lynn.*

P. R. N.



Can You Imagine?

Reifsnider keeping awake in classes,
Miss Hoke without her glasses.

Miss Wright chewing gum,
Mary Emery being dumb.

Butler measuring five feet two,
Jo Schuh being blue.

Wilburn and Durst no longer buddies,
Everyone passing all studies.

Lights out at ten-thirty every night,
Irene Gladden being quiet.

Louise Huddleston being fat,
Mrs. Wilson in an Empress Eugenie hat.

Lib Worthy playing a piano,
Rudisill singing lyric soprano.

Lee without her funny drawl,
"Skin" Miller when she learned to crawl.

Cameron not writing a poem,
Thompson never talking of home.

Mildred Michael on roller skates,
Each week we get three "lates."

Miss Branley not making rounds,
Holloway getting up when the bell sounds.

Fuzzy Morris not being sarcastic,
Miss Crighton's summons not drastic.

Ruth Schaffer not being tight,
Lou Rodes flying a kite.

"Eps" Miller boisterous and loud,
Richards not up in a dream cloud.

Miss Hoffman not spreading cheer,
Hardin enjoying Shakespeare.

Murdoch with long flowing tresses,
Taylor in knee length dresses.

Anything so dumb,
But it was written only in fun.



NURSES' HOME

The Farewell

BLANCHE V. CAMERON

*Our ship, at last, is anchored.
In an unknown port we embark,
Three weather-beaten years we've sailored
To steer us out of the dark.*

*O! Days of hardship and sorrow,
O! Nights of despair we recall
Turned into joy on the morrow
When healing—our faith gave to all.*

*Finished, yet we are beginning
Just starting anew as of old,
The goal that lies for the winning
Is only for those who are bold.*

*Forward! Of this road take possession,
Carry on with a heart that is true.
For ours is a noble profession
That means more to others than you.*

*We turn and thank our pilot
For guiding our voyage thus far
While from port to port we go,
With our eyes on a shining star.*

*The staunch old ship silently glides
Out of the harbor once more,
But at her mast there proudly rides
Our banner with truth to the fore.*

*And from our eyes we wipe a tear
As beloved comrades part,
Yet hold heads high without fear
With a sad little ache at heart.*

*But we'll all look forward with a smile
Of courage that cannot die,
When we meet in that glad "after-while"
Never more to say "good-bye."*

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J. S.—“Just a little dust.”

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"Little boy Bernie is so delicate. If he is bad—and sometime he is—just whip the boy next to him; that will frighten him and make him behave.

Miss F.—“This patient gets a sitz bath stat.”

G. H.—“Miss F., how much sitz must I put in the water?”

Probie—"I've counted that silver ten times.

Head Nurse—"That's fine!"

Probie—"And here are the ten different answers."

M.E.—“Rudy, what’s your new room-mate like?”

G. R.—“Everything I have.”

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Boy Friend (after climbing steep grade at Druid Hill Park)—“Phew! We had a time making it up here, didn’t we?”

A. M. C.—“I’ll say we did! We would have slipped back if I hadn’t held the emergency on tight.”

We wonder if Dr. Hart will ever perfect his vocal anaesthesia.

Patient to doctor’s small daughter—“Is the doctor in?”

Small daughter—“No sir! He’s out performing an appendectomy.”

Patient—“My! That’s a big word for a little girl like you to use. Do you know what it means?”

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